

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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MOUNTAIN-LOCKED.

A broad, bright inlet of a sea-like lake,
Guarded by mountain chains on every side,
That stretch so far thought may not undertake
Escape across those interspaces wide.
Upon our breezy slope, a cottage-nest;
Below, a boat at anchor,—not at rest.

The water is alive with fluent speech
Of ripple unto ripple. Here and there
Sails flit from sight into some glimmering reach
Of cove or bay; and, dimpling everywhere,
Sun-sparkles quicken the vast, tranquil space,
As happy dreams light up a sleeper's face.

Leagues part us from the mountains, but the haze
Blends them with filmy levels of the lake
In distance which is nearness; for we gaze
Upon the picture, while ourselves we make
A part of it, and fold ourselves about
With dear illusions life were bleak without.

Those Adirondacks are the Pisgah-hills
We climbed in visions of our childhood's hope
That vaguely our maturer fancy thrills.
Surely, beyond lies some fair Canaan's scope!
And that small town, o'erhung by one grim
crest,
Is Bethlehem, nestled against Sinai's breast.

It was the Bible of the Puritan
That kindled in us our first mountain dream.
With Bunyan's Pilgrim, hand in hand we ran
To catch the far Celestial City's gleam
From Hills Delectable. What high, pure air
We breathed in, of invisible worlds aware!

Weary the life that stretches out, a plain,
Where nothing beckons, where to-day repeats
Yesterday's story, while we look in vain
For invitation to horizon-seats
Beyond,—the wedded heaven and earth drawn
near
In lofty hospitality, as here.

We are embraced, surrounded everywhere,
By heights that to sublimer landscapes lead:
Wind-wafted sails, strong eagles cleaving air,—
Our fellow-prisoners these, that beat, indeed,
Against no barriers. Infinitely more free,
Locked in upon eternity, are we.

Prisoners of hope, as all immortals are,
Protected, yet forevermore borne on
By inward, birthright prophecies, to share
The inheritance yet waiting to be won,—
The new earth, by new heavens made luminous,
Toward which the whole creation yearns with us.

We with life's little captives are shut in,
Whose small world is as vast to them as ours
Can be to us. What freedom shall they win—
The water-fowl, the land-birds, and the flow-
ers—
When they shall vanish hence, to reappear
Released into a finer atmosphere?

The squirrel, a swift streak of golden brown,
Flashes by like a sunbeam or a thought;
The tiny sandpiper, tossed up and down
The wave's edge, has its eddying motion
caught;
The harebell spreads her blue tent: does she try
To copy the large pattern of the sky?

These smaller lives outline and hint the great;
For life itself is prophecy, no less
In leaves and songs and wings than human fate:
Each from within toward its ideal must press.
Celestial possibilities round us swarm:
The earthly shape conceals the heavenly form.

The world itself,—what is it but a shell

Of thin appearances, a shelter slight

Wherein the unfledged Reality must dwell,

Till her own natural strength wins way to light?

Dear World, each fluttering spirit waits with thee,

The revelation of itself to see.

Walled round with stately ranges, blue Champlain

Unbars her crystal gateways south and north;

Yon Giant of the Valley will restrain

No aspiration bold from issuing forth

Through secret passes toward the setting sun,

Whose journey's end is but a race begun.

The summits that enclose us give release,—

At once our guardians and deliverers;

The mountains by their steadfastness bring peace,—

God's sentinels and his interpreters.

Hills have their beckoning paths, lakes their wide shores:

Life is a prison—but with open doors.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

FAITH AND SIGHT.

“For we walk by faith, not by sight.”—2 COR. v. 7.

Saint Paul sets forth in these brief words the true principle of all human progress. He was contemplating life in its fullest dimensions, and meditating upon things seen and unseen, upon an existence which has its temporal changes and its everlasting securities. He looked upon the world as the tabernacle of the soul, the transient dwelling-place of a personality whose nature was far too great to be cooped up and hemmed in by any horizon. The past was irrevocable. The present was a dissolving view. The future, though dark, was the inspirer of hope and promise.

And the ground of this assurance was the wisdom and fidelity of God. The trusts, the foregleams, the affections, which seemed to the apostle so vital and universal, could not be illusive. Man's nature was evidently prophetic of his destiny, and eternal life was no frail earthly construction, a futile contrivance of human fancy or desire; but it was a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The apostle felt that, though life was a discipline, a labor, a struggle, the groaning of unfulfilled

desire, the bearing our burdens with some hidden purpose in them, it was not fruitless, transitory, hopeless.

But this trust in the Invisible, so inevitable in the hour and circumstance of death, is not an exceptional experience. It is the normal attitude of the human mind. Dying, we rest in faith; but, living, we walk by faith. It is not only when we face dissolution and enter a clouded way that we are the children of faith; but in the ordinary walk of life we often travel without chart or compass, and submit ourselves to invisible guidance. There is a sphere in all our lives which seems to be under our direct control, but we soon discover that its range is very limited. We wander hither and thither in the exercise of our prerogative of freedom; but on every hand we soon touch the darkness, and reach the gloomy edge of an ocean where we need a pilot. Many things are put within easy reach of our eyes and hands, more, I think, are given unsolicited and without research; but other things, often the divinest and of deepest consequence to us, are far off. They lie behind concealing veils, and the way to them is over dark, untrodden spaces and across many a desolate bog and morass. If life were unprogressive or limited in its scope, if it were a mere round of daily routine, a thinking of familiar thoughts and a doing of ordinary things this necessity for treading in the dark, and trusting where we cannot trace, would not exist. There would be no occasion for faith. But, when we yield to an upward and onward impulse, life becomes a good deal of a venture. When we attempt some entirely new thing, or even try to lift an old thing to a new pitch of excellence, then we walk by faith, and not by sight. We often gaze into darkness for a light that will not shine or that only comes in fitful and transitory gleams.

Faith is not, therefore, a single desperate trust on the ragged edge of life, when hardly anything else is left for us to do but fling ourselves confidently and with resignation into the arms of Invisible Goodness, but it is an instinct for daily use; and trust is one of the commonest virtues. Instead of faith being exceptional it is almost universal, a lifelong experience from which there is absolutely no escape. It is impossible for us to take many steps in any direc-

tion without reaching a point where our next thought or action must of necessity be a bold venture.

This truth finds ample illustration in all the annals of human enterprise. There is no department of thought or activity in which men do not walk by faith. Nature is a vast storehouse of hidden treasure. Life is a deep mystery, in which lie buried the most brilliant revelations. And when through stress of need men have been forced to work and wait and trust for some urgent satisfaction, whether it be a nobler conception of God, a truer way of serving him, a healthier ideal of life and better modes of living, or even some material advantage indispensable to civilization, they have never looked in vain. Whatever they have persistently sought, they have surely found, — if not the thing they wanted, then something better. But they sought in faith, nothing wavering.

It is clear, then, that faith is an instinct of the soul which lays hold of the invisible. It takes its rise in the mind, or the moral energies, or the spiritual ideas of an impulsive and creative soul. It is combination of trust in some better thing to come and unswerving fidelity to trust.

The same principle holds good even in secular affairs. It is not in religion alone that men walk by faith, and not by sight. Inventions have been made by experiments which have frequently had more faith than sight in them. Trade and commerce, national and international, depend upon faith. What is commonly known as credit is only another name for faith. The discovery of America was a sublime act of faith. It was one of the deep needs of the age, and, regarded in the light of later events, was obviously indispensable to human well-being in the future. Mankind had reached a crisis in its history. The Old World was fast becoming too narrow and contracted for the expanding energies of its peoples.

It is surely one of the most heroic and pathetic pictures in history, the sight of this sailor of faith wandering for eighteen years from land to land and from court to court, enduring privation and insult, asking in vain to open a closed door, and finally, when opportunity did come, trusting himself to the winds of heaven and the wild

billows of the Atlantic, forging his lonely way across the sea, believing that he was finding a shorter route to India. The welfare of mankind and the future progress of the human race hung at that moment upon the faith and persistence of one noble mind.

Faith, then, is fidelity, not to traditions, customs, beliefs, usages, established authority, but to the visions of a free intellect, the voice of a living conscience, the inspirations of a pure heart. We are all men of faith when we allow these to determine the way we shall take, and we are infidels when we do anything short of that. Faith is absolute and unflinching fidelity, not only to what we see and know, but to what we only trust and hope for. It is as far as the poles removed from credulity and cowardice. It is fearless trust in truth and goodness, firm, resolute, irresistible, and transfused with quenchless desire.

Faith in God, for example, is a living apprehension and appropriation of the Divine Presence when sight is dim and hope is faint. It is the re-enforcement of the moral will in doubt and perplexity. It is a venture where a certainty within has no counterpart without. In its humblest form it is a simple confidence in the fidelity and uprightness of others, which, despite frequent disappointments and repeated betrayals, goes on trusting and believing.

"Faith is the subtle chain

Which binds us to the Infinite, the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence."

— *Rev. John Cuckson.*

THE STILL HOUR.

SOME TIME.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been
learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The thing which our weak judgments here have
spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most
true.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart :
 God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart :
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
 And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
 Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
 When we shall clearly see and understand,
 I think that we will say, "God knew the
 best."

— M. R. Smith.

Nothing that happens in the world happens by chance. God is a God of order. Everything is arranged upon definite principles, and never at random. The world, even the religious world, is governed by law. Character is governed by law. Men, forgetting this, expect rest, joy, peace, faith, to drop into their souls from the air, like snow or rain. But, in point of fact, they do not do so; and, if they did, they would no less have their origin in previous activities and be controlled by natural laws. Rain and snow do drop from the air, but not without a long previous history. They are the mature effects of former causes. Equally so are rest, peace, and joy. They, too, have each a previous history. Storms and winds and calms are not accidents, but are brought about by antecedent circumstances. Rest and peace are but calms in man's inward nature, and arise through causes as definite and as inevitable.—*Henry Drummond.*

Deep streams run still. And why? Not because there are no obstacles, but because they altogether overflow those stones or rocks round which the shallow stream has to make its noisy way.—*William Smith.*

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its power of endurance.—*Carlyle.*

Our great difficulty is that we are purposeless. . . . To the demand, "Resist and overcome," the dastard wail of our spirit is, "I can't." More truly, perhaps, deliberate, recreant response is, "I won't." Either too weak or too unwilling to resolve, human souls, immortal souls, suffer themselves to be led bound unto the most abject captivity, when so nigh them, at cost of so little effort, is the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

SEPTEMBER.

O golden month! How high thy gold is heaped!
 The yellow birch-leaves shine like bright coins
 strung
 On wands; the chestnut's yellow pennons tongue
 To every wind its harvest challenge. Steeped
 In yellow, still lie fields where wheat was reaped;
 And yellow still the corn sheaves, stacked among
 The yellow gourds, which from the earth have
 wrung
 Her utmost gold. To highest boughs have
 leaped
 The purple grape,—last thing to ripen, late
 By very reason of its precious cost.
 O Heart, remember, vintages are lost
 If grapes do not for freezing night-dews wait.
 Think, while thou sunnest thyself in Joy's estate,
 Mayhap thou canst not ripen without frost!

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

My dear "Cheerful Letter" Friends,—I have thought of you many times since the steamer "Aller" turned its back on New York City, and set out on its journey across the great Atlantic Ocean, arriving at Genoa by way of Gibraltar and Naples.

Travellers do not usually wish for the presence of even their dearest friends on the steamer part of the journey, for they would not wish any one to share such discomfort. Indeed, after about three days, it seems as if even Westminster Abbey were not worth the price paid. But this voyage was an exception. Thanks to the North German Lloyd, there was as little discomfort as could be experienced on any voyage. Everything was clean and comfortable, the table excellent, all the attendants attentive and courteous, and—what is the greatest comfort on a steamer—there was plenty of fresh air. Whenever it was possible, the windows in our state-rooms were opened, without our being obliged to ask it as a favor. Indeed, there was a little too much air. We seemed to be blown through a pneumatic tube from the dining-room to our cells.

Nevertheless, the voyage seemed long. All the passengers were anxious for news; for the declaration of war was hanging over us when we sailed (April 16), and we knew the storm might burst at any moment. At the Azores our captain kindly signalled for

information, but obtained no answer. At Cape St. Vincent there were more signals; and the answer was, "No war yet."

"Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the north-west died away," and at Gibraltar nearly all the passengers went on shore to see the town.

Our friends at home seemed to think it not quite safe for us to pass Spain so closely. But, with the English on shore and the Germans on the steamer, all was perfectly peaceful and quiet.

Gibraltar has a very mixed population. It consists of: First, donkeys, in large numbers. These meet the traveller in every part of the town, loaded with every conceivable article. They are rusty, sleepy, shaggy little creatures. Second, English soldiers, some in smart uniforms, some in more simple attire, working among the stones, bricks, and mud of the roads. Third, Turks and Arabs, in Eastern costume,—blue gowns, bare legs or yellow slippers and dirty white stockings, and turbans. These lounged at the door of their shops, looking as if a buyer would be a great interruption. Fourth, pretty little English children, going to school in clean white pinafores. Their fair hair and fresh cheeks made a charming contrast to the dinginess of the more Eastern part of the population.

The southern vegetation made some very beautiful, picturesque effects, combined with the old walls and houses. But the intramural excursion, to "see" the fortifications of Gibraltar, was fatiguing and not very edifying. The scenery was mostly invisible, and the scramble through dark passages, muddy under foot and dripping overhead, rather disappointing. One of the gentlemen went to see the American consul, who said that two other American consuls from different towns in Spain had taken refuge in Gibraltar.

The vessel was now in the Mediterranean; and two days later we came, late in the evening, softly and steadily into the Bay of Naples, under a bright starlit sky, with Vesuvius smoking on our right. Here the voyage ended for some of us, and others went on shore to spend a morning in Naples. It is wonderful how much can be seen in four hours. It seems as if it would be difficult to select the most important objects of interest; but those who elected to take the

excursion to San Martino, the old convent on a hill above the town, and then to drive down to Naples again, in sight all the way of the bay, with Vesuvius beyond, thought they had not made a mistake. The convent is now a museum. But the most beautiful part of the exhibition is the panorama of Naples and its surroundings, seen from the balconies. To see San Martino is, therefore, to gain a good idea of Naples.

All the afternoon and evening we were sailing along the coast of Italy; and, if this had been a pleasure excursion instead of a part of our voyage, we should have thought it very beautiful. On the morning of Friday, thirteen days after leaving New York, we landed in Genoa.

Genoa is greatly changed during the last quarter of a century. But we must not repine at changes which mean growth and prosperity; and there is so much picturesqueness in Italy that she can well afford to lose a little for some solid advantages. The last time I was in Genoa we arrived by Vettura; and the old palace where travellers lodged was directly on the water, so that we looked out to sea from our windows. Now the harbor is filled up, and the hotels are chiefly in the town; but they are still palaces. Our room was of enormous size and Broddignagian proportions,—the ceiling twenty-five or thirty feet from the floor, the handle of the door almost on a level with the human head, the window requiring an engineer to manage it, the bed a staircase to ascend, while three electric lights produced scarce any impression on its vast gulf of darkness.

Our destiny was Venice. So we stayed only a day or two in Genoa, renewing our acquaintance with pictures and palaces, and then went on to Milan.

The Milan cathedral and the "Last Supper" of Leonardo are the first objects of the pilgrimage to Milan. The painting always gives a feeling of sadness, because no one can help grieving to see its condition; but it does not seem to have altered for the worse in many years. The cathedral, on the contrary, is each time more beautiful than our last memory of it. I hastened at once to spend there a quiet half-hour, sitting in perfect stillness in the golden gloom. The cathedral is so large that many visitors make no impression on it. The atmosphere

is all peace and repose, which the slight sound of footfalls scarcely breaks.

The simplicity of the architectural plan of the cathedral is one of its charms. The eye is not teased and the mind oppressed by a confused mass of ornamentation; while the perfect grace of the high arches, and the jewelled light falling on the walls through the colored glass of the windows, give all the variety and color that are needed by the eye. While I sat there, wondering that the reality should be so much more beautiful than even the memory of it, a procession of priests and of boys in white cassocks crossed the transept on their way to the choir chapel. Presently the organ began to play; and by and by "a boy's clear treble" rose above the notes,

"While far below
The organ heaved its surges to and fro."

In the afternoon we climbed to the top of the cathedral. A sunny afternoon is just the time to do this, for then the mountains of Switzerland are visible; and, as at every stage there are places to sit and rest,—on the roof, among the thousand statues, arches, and flying buttresses,—it is not very fatiguing, and every stage brings out new beauties. This was a happy day. It was only after we left Milan that the bread riots began. While we were there, all was sunshine, music, peace, and beauty. Indeed, the morning we left Milan, going to spend our last hour in the cathedral, we happened accidentally on a great function. A procession of priests in most magnificent array, crimson and scarlet, velvet, satin, and gold embroidery, with attendants carrying large gold crosses and enormous lighted candles, filled almost the whole nave. There were thousands of spectators; but, as the cathedral holds forty thousand, there was more than enough room for every one. We stood close to the place where the procession passed, and saw it all perfectly. The organ played magnificently all the time.

This was our farewell to Milan.

As we set out for Venice, we succeeded in buying a paper, and here we saw the first news of the American victory at Manila. In the railway carriage with us were an English gentleman and his wife, who asked with great interest for our news, expressing

at the same time sympathy for the Americans. This was a pleasant surprise to us; for among the Germans and French there was a great want of information on the subject, and their papers had very bitter articles. Afterward we found the English almost invariably friendly and sympathizing.

L. F. C.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

(Concluded.)

The war of 1812 so crippled business that Audubon and his partner decided to go to Hendersonville, while Mrs. Audubon and her infant son went home to her father for a year. When all others bemoaned his lack of business success and his devotion to a non-paying pursuit, she alone was his comforter.

There was no success at Hendersonville, and the goods were taken to St. Genevieve. Audubon sold his interest to his partner, purchased a horse, and started across country to see his wife who had come to Hendersonville.

He then went into partnership with a brother-in-law at New Orleans, and lost everything. His father had already died, leaving Audubon an estate in France, and \$17,000 deposited with a merchant in Richmond, Va. The merchant died insolvent, and Audubon never received a dollar. He now became anxious about the future. A second son, John, had been born. He again went into business at Hendersonville, and met with another failure. Giving all that he possessed to his creditors, he went with his sick wife, his gun, his dog, and his drawings, to Louisville, where they were kindly received by a relative.

He tried to support his family by making crayon portraits, and succeeded so well that a farmer came in the middle of the night to request a picture of his mother before she died.

Audubon was invited to become curator of the museum in Cincinnati, and he accepted the position. He opened a drawing-school in the city; but very little money resulted, and he resolved to seek a new field of labor, and started for New Orleans.

Stopping for a time at Natchez, he and a

companion found themselves destitute of shoes. Going to a shoemaker, he asked to sketch a crayon portrait of himself and his wife in return for two pairs of shoes. The offer was accepted.

Arriving at New Orleans, what little money he possessed was stolen, he could find no work, and he was obliged to live on the boat in which he had come thither. He writes: "I was fortunate in making a hit with the portrait of a well-known citizen of New Orleans: it made a favorable impression, and I obtained several patrons. A few orders relieved my necessities; and, continuing my work of painting birds, the time passed more pleasantly."

At last, in the family of Mrs. Perrie, who owned a plantation at Bayou Sara in Louisiana, he obtained a situation to teach drawing to her daughter at sixty dollars a month, having his afternoons for his work. Her desire was, under the guise of employment, to help the poor naturalist. After four months he rented a house, and sent for his family to come to him.

Being asked to join in painting a panorama of the city, he said, "My birds, my beloved birds of America, occupy all my time, and nearly all my thoughts." During the first months of 1822, after his family came, there are no records of his life, as he was too poor to buy a journal. Mrs. Audubon had found a situation as governess. Audubon was depressed in spirits, and poor health was the result.

Finally, he went to Natchez, and taught drawing, music, and French in the family of a Portuguese gentleman, and also drawing in a college nine miles from Natchez. He says, "The hope of completing my book on the birds of America became less clear; and, full of despair, I feared my hopes of becoming known to Europe as a naturalist were destined to be blasted." Mrs. Audubon now made an engagement with a lady at Bayou Sara to teach her children with her own and a limited number of pupils.

Seeing that his family was now provided for, "I determined," he says, "to break through all bonds, and pursue my ornithological pursuits. My wife and family alone gave me encouragement." Audubon went to Philadelphia, took a room, and gave lessons in drawing. He had a letter of introduction to the portrait painter, Sully, who

gave him instruction in oil painting and would take no pay for it. He found another warm-hearted friend in Edward Harris, a young ornithologist, who, as he was bidding Audubon good-by, squeezed a hundred-dollar bill into his hand, saying, "Mr. Audubon, accept this from me: men like you ought not to want for money." "I could only express my gratitude," says Audubon, "by insisting on his receiving the drawings of all my French birds, which he did."

Audubon next went to New York, and a friend took him to the Lyceum. His drawings were examined by the members of the Institute. From this city he journeyed west to Pittsburg, where he spent a month scouring the country for birds, and continued his drawings. At last he returned to his wife at Bayou Sara.

Mrs. Audubon had been extremely fortunate, and was earning nearly three thousand dollars a year. This she offered to her husband to help the publication of the book. He was invited to teach dancing, and a class of sixty was soon organized. From this he received about two thousand dollars. The tide of fortune had turned at last, and he began to prepare for a trip to England. He was now forty-six.

April 26, 1826, Audubon sailed for England. Arriving at Liverpool, he was able to arrange for a display of his drawings at the Liverpool Exhibition. The entrance fee was one shilling, and the receipts from fifteen to twenty dollars a day. Surely, fame was coming at last. Lord Stanley spent five hours in examining the collection, and said, "This work is unique, and deserves the patronage of the crown."

At Edinburgh he met the naturalist Prof. Jameson, who promised to introduce his book to the public in his *Natural History Magazine*. Prof. Wilson (Christopher North) volunteered to introduce him to Sir Walter Scott, and wrote an article upon Audubon and his work for *Blackwood's Magazine*. His picture was hung in the exhibition room. He was made a member of the Wernerian Natural History Society and of the Royal Society. No wonder that he wrote to his wife: "My success in Edinburgh borders on the miraculous. My book is to be published in numbers, containing four birds in each, the size of life, at two guineas a number. The en-

gravings are truly beautiful. Some of them have been colored. I expect to visit the Duke of Northumberland, who has promised to subscribe for my work. One hundred subscribers will pay all expenses. I am fêted, feasted. It is Mr. Audubon here, Mr. Audubon there; and I only hope that Mr. Audubon will not be made a conceited fool at last." He always remained the modest, earnest student of nature.

March 17, 1827, he issued the prospectus of his book, which was to cost him over one hundred thousand dollars. He visited Newcastle, Leeds, York, Shrewsbury, and Manchester, securing a few subscribers at one thousand dollars each.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, the painter, called at Audubon's rooms, examined his drawings, and brought him purchasers for some of them, without which he would have been bankrupt and all hope of publication blasted.

In 1828 Audubon went to Paris for two months, then went to London, and sailed for America. After three months at Bayou Sara with his wife, collecting birds and making drawings, they both sailed for England.

In the four years required to bring out the work, fifty-six of his subscribers, representing fifty-six thousand dollars, abandoned him, and he was obliged to supply their places.

Sept. 3, 1831, Audubon returned to America, and spent the winter in Eastern Florida, then some months in Labrador, searching for birds and animals. From the latter place he went to Philadelphia, and then to the house of an old friend, Rev. John Bachman of Charleston, S.C., whose daughters subsequently married the two sons of Audubon. He returned to London in 1834, and in 1835 published the second and third volumes of the "Ornithological Biography." In 1836 he came back to America for further research, and received a warm welcome from distinguished men.

On his return to England he wrote the fourth volume of the "Ornithological Biography," and the fifth the following year. In 1839 he returned to America to spend the rest of his life, purchased a home on the banks of the Hudson in upper New York, which he called "Minnie's Land," the Scotch word for mother, this being the

name by which he generally addressed his wife, to whom he left the whole at his death.

He was now sixty, but his work was not done. He immediately began to bring out his "Birds of America," in seven octavo volumes, with the figures reduced and lithographed. In 1843, taking his son Victor, he started on an expedition to the Yellowstone River, to collect animals and drawings for another great work, the "Quadrupeds of North America." After nearly a year he returned, and began his book. In two years the first volume was ready; but he could do no more, and the rest of the work was finished by his sons after his death.

In 1848 the quick, active mind failed. His wife read to him, led him like a child, and, at the last, fed him. On Thursday morning, Jan. 27, 1851, the eyes dulled for so long once more showed their former lustre and beauty. Audubon did not speak, but reached out, clasped the hands of his wife and children, and died. Four days later, surrounded by distinguished friends, he was buried in Trinity Church cemetery, New York.—From "*Famous Men of Science*," by Sarah K. Bolton.

Down in the sedge by the river

That flows from the south to the west,
By the iris' blue pennants, a-quiver,
There builded a heron her nest.

With hay from the lowland meadow,
With twig from the roost tree,
With moss from the woodland shadow,
She wrought it cunningly.
Then with mother love she brooded above;
And, hark! to the children three.

With the mists of the dawn upcurling
In vaporous wreaths to the sky,
The heron, her wings unfurling,
Went forth from her children's cry.
"When the lamps," she said, "of heaven
Shall burn o'er the land and the sea,
In the cool of the dewy even
To my home I will hasten me."
Then in search of food went she from her brood;
And, alas! for the children three.

The eve was fled, and the stars had burned
them
Adown to their socket's edge;
The dawn was chill, and the nestlings turned
them
In lone unrest in the sedge.

But home no more came the heron ever,
 From over the land and the sea,
 Through the even-song and the dawning never
 In all the years, came she;
 For the bullet had sped, and the heron dead
 Lay, afar from her children three.

—Emma M. Long, in *Independent*.



The plumes used for millinery purposes can only be taken during the breeding season. Thousands of herons and egrets are shot, and the young consequently perish.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A QUEER LITTLE FAMILY ON THE BITTERSWEET.

In a recent half-hour's relaxation, while comfortably stretched in my hammock upon the porch of my country studio, I was surprised with a singular entertainment. I soon found myself studiously engaged. Entwining the corner post of the piazza, and extending for some distance along the eaves, a luxuriant vine of bittersweet had made itself at home. The currant-like clusters of green fruits, hanging in pendant clusters here and there, were now nearly mature, and were taking on their golden hue. Through an opening in this shadowy foliage came a glimpse of the hillside slope

across the valley, upon whose verge my studio is perched; and, as my eye penetrated this pretty vista, it was intercepted by what appeared to be a shadowed portion of a rose branch crossing the opening and mingling with the bittersweet stems. I had for some minutes so accepted it without a thought, and would doubtless have left the spot with this impression, had I not chanced to notice that this stem so beset with conspicuous thorns was not consistent in its foliage. My suspicions aroused, I suddenly realized that my thorny stem was in truth merely a bittersweet branch in masquerade, and that I had been "fooled" by a sly midget who had been an old-time acquaintance of my boyhood, but whom I had long neglected.

Every one knows the climbing bittersweet, or "wax-work," with its bright berries hanging in clusters in the autumn copses, each yellow berry having now burst open in thin sections, and exposed the scarlet-coated seeds. Almost any good-sized vine, if examined early in the months of July or August, will show us the thorns, and more sparingly until October; and queer thorns they are, indeed! Here an isolated one, there two or three together, or perhaps a dozen in a quaint family circle around the stem, their curved points all, no matter how far separated, inclined in the same direction as thorns properly should be. Let us invade the little colony with our finger-tip. Touch one never so gently, and it instantly disappears. Was ever thorn so deciduous? And now observe its fellows. Here one slowly glides up the stem, another in the opposite direction, another sideways. In a moment more the family have entirely disappeared, as if by hocus-pocus, until we discover, by a change of our point of view, that they have all congregated on the opposite side of the stem with an agility which would have done credit to the proverbial gray squirrel.

This animated thorn is about a quarter of an inch long and dark brown in color, with two yellowish spots on the edge of its back.

Nor is this all the witchery of this bittersweet thorn. Seen collectively, the thorny rose branch is instantly suggested; but occasionally, when we observe a single isolated specimen, especially in the month of July, he will certainly masquerade in an entirely

new guise. Look quick! Turn your magnifier hither on this green shoot. No thorn this. Is it not rather a whole covey of quail, mother and young, creeping along the vine? Who would ever have thought of a thorn. Turning now to our original group, how perfectly do they take the hint! for are they not a family of tiny birds with long necks and swelling breasts and drooping tails, verily like an autumn brood of "Bob Whites"? But the little harlequin is as wary a bird as he was a thorn. No sooner do we touch his head with our finger than, with an audible "click," he is off on a most agile jump which he extends with buzzing wings, and is even now perhaps aping a thorn among a group of his fellows somewhere among the bittersweet branches.

It is only as we capture one of the little protean acrobats between our finger-tips, and examine him with a magnifier, that we can really make "head or tail" of his queer anatomy. Even thus enlarged, it is difficult to get entirely rid of the idea of a bird. The tall neck-like or thorn-like prominence is then seen to be a mere elongated helmet, which is prolonged into a steep angle behind, so as to cover the back of the creature like a peaked roof,—a feature from which the scientific name of this particular group of insects is derived, *Membracis*, meaning sharp-edged, the sides of the slope being covered by the close-fitting wings, which, though apparently compact with the body of the insect, are nevertheless always available for instant and most agile flight. We now discover two pairs of stout legs just beneath the edge of the wings, a third more slender pair being concealed behind, ready for immediate use in association with these buzzing wings when the whim of the insect prompts it to leap. This insect is the tree-hopper, and is but one of the many equally curious and mimetic species to be found among the smaller branches of various trees and shrubs. The *Membracis* belongs to the "bugs," Hemiptera, which implies it possesses a beak instead of jaws by

Or it sucks the sap of plants, precisely fourthly aphid or plant-louse. This tiny raphy, can readily distinguish, bent be- In 1839, body of our bittersweet hopper. the rest it deep into the succulent bark, the bank, remains for hours as motionless York, which it imitates, the lower outline of Scotch we

its body hugging close to the bark. The curious suggestion of a thorn is produced not only by the outline, but by the curious fact that the hopper never sits *across* the twig, but always in the direction of its length; and, what is more, the projecting point of the thorax is always directed toward the end of the branch or the direction of growth. It is no easy thing even for the casual botanist to determine this nice point in a given segment of a bittersweet branch placed in his hand, the position of the chance leaf or leaf-scar being his only guide. But the *Membracis binotata* rarely, indeed never, so far as I have examined, makes a mistake. Thus the wandering spray of bittersweet, recurve and twist upon itself as it may, will always disclose the little hopper or colony of them headed for its tip.

But I have forgotten to mention one singular feature, which is indeed the most conspicuous sign of the presence of the hoppers on any given shrub. The twigs are beset apparently with tiny tufts of cotton, occasionally so numerous as to present a continuous white mass. These tufts are pure white, a little over an eighth of an inch in length, and semicircular in vertical outline. The natural presumption is the idea of maternity, the mother hopper guarding her bundles of white eggs; but a closer examination dispels this illusion. We now discover the white substance to be of firm though somewhat sticky consistency, its surface, moreover, beautifully ridged from base to summit in parallel rounded flutings, which meet and interfold like a braid along the summit. If with a knife we now cut downward through and across the mass, we shall find it a mere frothy shell, containing two hollow compartments; but there is no sign of an egg or other life. Knowing that the little insect was provided with a keen-edged ovipositor and was in the habit of thrusting its tiny eggs beneath the bark, and realizing, too, that these tufts were in some way connected with the maternal instinct, I was led to investigate. Not until I reached the upper limit of the group did I get any encouragement. What I saw reminded me irresistibly of the technique of the cake-frosting art of the fancy baker, with its flowing tube of white condiment. This accommodating specimen had apparently just completed her

egg-laying or had perhaps filled one nest, and I noticed a tiny ball of glistening froth at the tip of the ovipositor. This was attached to the bark by a touch, and from this starting-point the construction of the glistening house was continued, the apex of the ovipositor pouring out its endless puffy roll of aerated cement, which seemed to set as soon as laid. Now what is the object of this frothy pavilion? The eggs are laid in late summer, and do not hatch until the following spring. What, then, is this canopy of the tree-hopper but the provision of a thoughtful mother, a pavilion about her offspring as a shelter through the winter storms?

In early July the tiny hoppers emerge from their egg-cases, and presumably creep out from their luminous domicile; and later on in the season these broods of varying numbers and all sizes are to be seen among the young stems of the plant. This curious insect is chiefly confined to the bittersweet. From *"My Studio Neighbors,"* by William Hamilton Gibson.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the offer to the club. To send the book involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are given, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs.

Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

It is requested that each mother desiring "Gentle Measures in Training the Young" shall write her own request, and also state the number and ages of her children.

Miss Cora H. Clarke, Magnolia, Mass. offers "Masterman Ready," by Capt. Marryat; "A Flatiron for a Farthing," by Mrs. Ewing; and some odd numbers of the *Cosmopolitan* and other magazines.

Miss M. D. Fette, Box 91, Intervale, N.H., offers the following books: "The Water Babies," Charles Kingsley; "Great Expectations," Charles Dickens; "Lays of Ancient Rome," Lord Macaulay; "Life and Sylvia," Balastier; "Nibsy's Christmas," J. A. Riis; "Reveries of a Bachelor," Ik Marvel; "The Pioneers," "The Last of the Mohicans," J. Fenimore Cooper; "Ivanhoe," Walter Scott.

The following books are offered by the Girls' Club of Laconia. Address Miss Florence M. Elsam, 141 Union Avenue, Laconia, N.H. Warren Colburn's "First Lessons in Arithmetic"; White's "Intermediate Arithmetic"; "A Brief Course in Arithmetic," Benjamin Greenleaf; White's "Primary Arithmetic"; "Words and Numbers," for beginners, Henry Sawyer; "Little Pieces for Little Speakers," Miss S. M. Priest; Monroe's "Sixth Reader"; "Botany," for beginners, Mrs. Phelps; Quackenbos's "First Book in Grammar"; Beeton's "Complete Letter Writing for Ladies and Gentlemen"; Harrington's "Graded Spelling Book"; Leighton's "Latin Lessons"; Greenleaf's "Shorter Course in Geometry"; Bradbury's "Elementary Geometry"; Greenleaf's "New Elementary Algebra."

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Libraries.

Standing requests for libraries from:—

Mrs. O. A. Langston, Sidney, Comanche County, Texas;

Mrs. C. S. Stowell, Magnolia, Boulder County, Colorado;

Mr. Davis M'Carn, Anamosa, Iowa;

Mrs. D. Jayne, Jamestown, Chautauqua County, New York;

Mrs. Emma Miner, Lisbon, New Hampshire;

Stephen D. Rhoden, La Pine, Crenshaw County, Alabama;

Mrs. Isadore E. Rice, Oakland, Oregon.

Mrs. Margaret Ogilvie, "The Bonnie Briars," Grand Junction, Colorado. Mrs. Ogilvie is struggling to place in each school in her county, where the school committee will furnish a bookcase, a collection of good books. She has already supplied several schools, but there are three or four more in which she is particularly interested.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.)

Mrs. Carrie M. Dana, 2830 L Street, San Diego, California, thanks all the friends who have so kindly remembered her. She would be glad to receive any of Miss Alcott's works.

Mrs. Nancy Porter, Ryan, Indian Territory, living in an isolated spot far from churches and schools, asks for any good reading.

A first reader and primer, and something suitable for a girl ten years of age, is asked for by Mrs. Cora Lett, Ruby, Indian Territory.

Mrs. Eliza Wray, Mayo, Rockingham County, North Carolina, asks for school books for her two girls, fifteen and twelve years of age, and any reading for herself.

Miss B. Ludbetter, Cayes, North Carolina, will be glad to receive any light reading.

Mrs. Lila Poplin, Diamond Hill, North Carolina, asks for easy reading for three small children.

I am a girl of very limited means, and am trying to fit myself for a teacher. I would be very glad to get a book of Latin exercises, and Weld's "Latin Lessons" and "Reader." I am seventeen years old. Minnie Blevins, Bolivar, Missouri.

Mrs. Bettie R. Vannoy, Bethel, Texas, will be glad of reading for herself, and easy instrumental music for her little girl.

We are an American family, living about fifty miles out of San Luis, in the midst of the mountains. During the nearly seven years of our stay in Mexico we have had no American neighbors. The children have no playmates. If it were possible to buy American drafts for small sums, we would not ask for reading matter; but the smallest New York draft I can get is for \$10, and costs me \$22.50, Mexican money. We cannot afford to spend that much at one time for books and papers.

I would be delighted to receive anything that children ten and eight years of age could understand that would bring the little ones to a better insight into the marvels of nature. My husband and brother are busy men, and would enjoy short stories that could be read in snatches of time. As for myself, I get so hungry for something to think over! Stray copies of the *North American Review*, *Arena*, *Popular Science Monthly*, or a volume of essays, would be received so thankfully. Seven or eight years ago I saw a notice of a book by one Wallace, an Englishman and a F. R. S., who took the Darwinian theory, but brought it out to Christianity instead of to Agnosticism. If by any chance that work is among those offered, I would certainly read it over and over again.

Rev. Underdoonk is a young, enthusiastic Western man, who is anxious to do all the good possible. He understands the railroad people, and is anxious to help them.

Wishing you and your coworkers every success in your beautiful charity. Mrs. V. A. Lucier, Apartado, No. 16, San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

Rev. F. S. Onderdoonk, Apartado, No. 105, San Luis Potosi, Mexico, will gladly receive reading matter for distribution among railroad men. Two railways, the National and the Mexican Central, pass through San Luis; and each employs Americans for every position above that of brakeman. Most of these men are young and unmarried. Their rooms are empty of comfort. After coming in from their run on the road, the "boys" clean up, go up town, and drift into the saloon or a gambling game from sheer lack of anything else to do. Many of them would like to read, but cannot secure reading matter. It is in the interest of this class that this application is sent.

Mrs. W. A. Harrison, Pikeville, Bledsoe County, Tennessee, asks for Ray's "New Practical Arithmetic," common-school Dictionary, Barnes's "History of United States," McGuffey's "Spelling Book."

I found in my room the other day a part of a copy of *The Cheerful Letter*; and in it I see that some kind people are offering reading matter, I suppose for the ones who do not feel able to buy books or to take papers and magazines. As I belong to that class, I am hoping to get you to send me some. I live in a very small place, and have no means of getting much to read. I would be so glad to get the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Household*, or anything of the kind that you could send me would be very gratefully received. My mother, an old lady, lives with me. As she is not strong enough to do any kind of work, she is anxious for something to read. Anything you will send me will be appreciated. Mrs. M. L. Knight, Sylva, Jackson County, North Carolina.

As I am not in a position to procure such books as I desire, I shall be very glad to receive through the readers of *The Cheerful Letter* the following books: "Select Works, Autobiography, and Spiritual Letters of Madame Guyon"; also "Last Hours of Dr. Edward Payson"; "Thoughts on Personal Religion," by Goulburn; Life of David Brainerd, Fénelon, Finney, or any of their works; "Thomas á Kempis"; a copy of "Stepping Heavenward." This I particularly wish, and any other of Mrs. Prentiss's books that one can spare, also her

Life and Letters. Would be pleased, too, to have any of F. B. Myers and D. L. Moody's writings. While I make mention of the above works specially, yet I shall greatly appreciate any religious books and papers sent me that will be helpful to me in my mission work. Some of these I wish for distribution, some I wish for my own use.

I desire to thank those kind readers of *The Cheerful Letter* who responded so promptly to my request for reading matter for Mr. Edward Curtis and others.

Your Exchange and society is doing a noble work, and may God continue to bless each and every one connected with and interested in it. Mrs. D. E. Osborne, 452 Arlington Street, Greensboro, North Carolina.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[Contributions for this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.]

MATERNAL INSTINCT AND MATERNAL INTELLIGENCE.

There are few sights in nature so touching as that of brute motherhood. That absorbing tenderness which disregards pain, weariness, and even death, must touch the hardest heart, and has raised maternal instinct to the level of a virtue. It is probable that the wastefulness of such love would detract from our admiration of it, were it not that the death of the mother, if it does not occur until the young are able to care for themselves, is to their distinct advantage.

In transmitting to them the qualities which have insured her survival to adult life and caring for them during the brief period of infancy, she has done all in her power for them, and by dying leaves a larger share of the food best suited to their needs.

How different is the case of the human mother. The bearing and suckling of her offspring are only the beginning of her duties toward them,—duties which increase in importance with every year and which demand vigor of mind as well as of body. Wastefulness here should indeed excite contempt; yet how often is it lauded as maternal devotion!

The mother who wishes to give her child all the advantages which belong to him as

a member of the human family will not be guided in her care of him by maternal instinct. She has something far higher at her command,—maternal intelligence. One of the advantages of the possession of intelligence is that it enables us to exercise foresight; and the mother wishing to care wisely for her child will not fail to recognize this, and from her knowledge of herself and the probable needs of her baby will decide how much she should care for him personally and how much she must leave to others.

In making this decision, she must remember that she has entered upon a profession in which her health is her capital, which is to yield daily strength for her duties. This capital should be held as sacred as that from which her husband's income is derived, and should never be encroached upon except in case of extreme need, and even then should be spent with wise economy, and replaced on the return of better days. It is never wise for a mother to live up to her income, for childhood is full of emergencies which call for unusual expenditure of strength.

But, besides the duties of a mother to the children she has already borne, there is the necessity, which should always be present to a woman during the child-bearing period, of being in a fit state to give to the possible baby its birthright of health. Few married women know when a fresh call to motherhood may come to them. Happy is she who, conscious of being ready for her task, can respond cheerfully as did that holy woman of old: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it unto me according to thy word."

"But," says some expectant mother, anxious to do her duty to the coming baby, and perplexed by the contradictory counsels of experienced friends, "surely there are some services which I, as a mother, must render in person to my child which no one else should be allowed to perform. Mother says that she never gave up her children at night. Aunt Harriet thinks that a baby under two years should always be bathed by its mother. Mary prepares food and washes bottles herself, and Louise declares that no nursery maid can be trusted with a baby carriage. I am not strong, and I already begin to feel that I may not be able to do all these things myself."

No, my dear, probably not; and the worst of it is that there are as many more equally necessary to baby's well-being, and which nobody has yet mentioned to you. But you are quite right in supposing that there are offices which no one but a mother can render to her child. They are two,—companionship and personal direction and supervision of every detail of a child's care. Beyond these, everything which with a clear head and a sound body you can do in person for your child will be better done by you than by another; but better a thousand times that your clear head should direct the strong and willing hands of others than that your confused brain and unstrung nerves should urge a weak body to tasks for which it is unfit. Baby will be better served now, and in the future will have a mother worthy the name.

There is no voice, human or divine, to tell a civilized woman what to do for her child. God has given her intelligence, and he expects her to use it.

When a mother has decided that she must share the care of her children with others, let her not despair of finding those who are worthy. It is difficult to fill this, as it is all places of trust, but it is not impossible; and even if the best cannot be found, with the direction and oversight from the mother which she should never resign to the most capable assistant, no real harm can be done. One word for the mother who must care personally for her children, even though she may know that her strength is not equal to the task. Perhaps her case requires the highest intelligence of all; for she must decide what to leave undone for the family, in order that they may have more of herself. While other women can indulge their maternal instinct at second-hand, she must suppress hers altogether.

In conclusion, I will touch on that sad circumstance of which every one must be aware, that it is often the women who have apparently done most for their children who receive from them least care and homage in after life. It has even been said that the mere fact of a woman rendering personal service to a child lowers her in his eyes. Thank God, this is not true; but children are keen critics, and it is true that they feel an instinctive contempt for the mother who

resigns the position of superiority which nature has given her over her children for the pleasure of being their servant.

Any intelligent mother may be sure that, whether she "works willingly with her hands," or "looks well to the ways of her household," her children will "rise up and call her blessed."—*Elizabeth Manly, in Babyhood.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.]

A VEGETABLE SALAD.

John's father is a tailor, and often, John says, — a great deal of cloth when he cuts trousers. In our village every — to him for clothes. He also has a rose-bush; and every year, when it —, he has to be careful to — all the rose-bugs, or he would not have a flower. John has a friend Arthur, and the other day they quarrelled, and — one another; but at last Arthur said — have —, we won't fight again unless something should — to make us. Arthur is a bad speller: once he in — monotonous.

BURIED CITIES.

Peter and I went through Asia on bicycles. I rode my Humber nearly all the way. We met royalty returning from Bir-mah, an overgrown boy; but he bestowed a gracious bow, presenting us with a monkey. We stared at him (a conspicuous thing to do, very decidedly so), then fell from either bicycle, and lost Peter's Burgundy wine. As tonic, it was much needed. We were a dingy-looking couple, and overcome with confusion when we rose. The king stonily turned away, and we fled.

CHARADE.

Priscilla sits within my *first*,
My *second* makes her broad-brimmed
straw,
Which keeps my *third* from off her face,—
Her face without a flaw.
Her snowy kerchief 'cross her breast,
Her mien and glance demure,
Show her my *all*, without a doubt,
The purest of the pure.

A SOCIAL GAME.

Fun may be had when several people are together by taking a subject, such as Casablanca or any other well-known story, and trying to write it in words all beginning with the same letter.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When the dawn breaks, where does it go?
2. Why are birds sad on summer mornings?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST
NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

"All the men and women merely players."
—*As You Like It*, Act II., Scene 7.

CHARADES.

1. Versatile.
2. Kernel (cur-knell).

MY THREE ANGELS.

Three angels travel with me as I journey toward
the west,
Where far-off sunset mountains stand, to guard
the vales of rest,—
Three angels, and I cannot tell which angel is
the best.

The first that came to share my lot, when life
was young and fair,
Was he whom men call Labor, as they meet him
everywhere;
And he filled my life with strivings, and the
whole round world with care.

And then came Love, and all the earth grew
strangely bright and new;
And my first angel seemed more fair, more
loyal, leal, and true,
For Love makes Labor lighter and the skies
more deeply blue.

Then last of all came Sorrow, an unasked, un-
welcome guest;
And he walked along beside us, as we journeyed
toward the west.
And Love grew strangely sweet and fair, and
Labor doubly blest.

So we travelled on together, my dear angel
friends and I,
And life took on new meanings, as the fruitful
years went by;

And I prayed them, "Tarry with me till my time shall come to die!"

Thus onward through the changeful years have we together passed

Along that pathway leading where the silence falls at last,

Each angel proving leal and true, where'er my lot is cast.

The mountains where the sunset waits looms nearer than the west;

But safe my angels lead me toward the peaceful vales of rest.

And only He who sent them knows which angel is the best.

—*J. S. Cutler, in the Transcript.*

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight.

—*Whittier.*

It is no help to the sailor to see a flash of light across a dark sea, if he does not instantly steer accordingly.—*F. R. Havergal.*

Keep your conduct abreast of your conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illumined by the radiance of God.—*W. M. Taylor, D.D.*

He who labors for man, with no faith in God, labors to little good. He who worships God, without serving man, worships to little good: his prayers hurt him rather than help him.—*J. F. C.*

Philosophers tell us of two forces in nature,—one that draws things toward the centre, another that repels them from it. A reflective man may perceive that his heart has one of these forces, for what would flatter him and do him mischief, in the consideration of the actions of his fellow-mortals; and the other, for what would reprove, warn, and profit him. But, really, he had better endeavor to draw in his attention from the scene of human actions till he can learn the wisdom and the art to derive aids to self-correction from the view. And he may be sure that art is worth learning by which he may make every man his instructor.—*Foster.*

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make

use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

Subscribers are requested to send all changes of address to the treasurer as promptly as possible; for, owing to the new postal regulations, *second-class matter* cannot be forwarded unless the extra postage is prepaid.

During Miss Clarke's absence in Europe, Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass., will act as editor.

The summer address of our treasurer will be Miss Louise Howe, Box 21, Nahant, Mass. But subscriptions may be left for her at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., at any season.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, Box 21, Nahant, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

Notice that requests for membership and for correspondents go to Miss Langmaid, our secretary; requests for books and offers of books, to Mrs. Nichols.